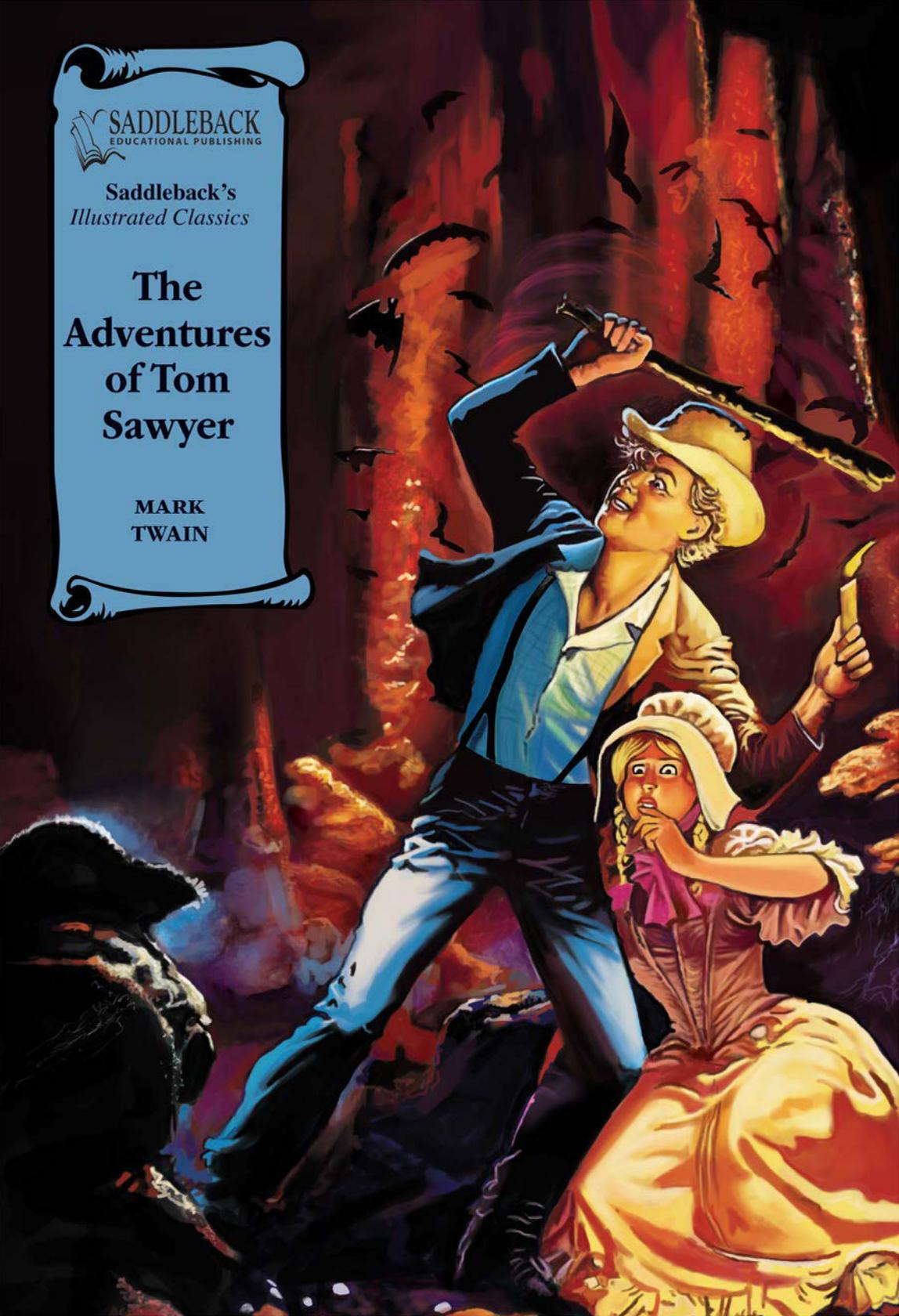


 **SADDLEBACK**  
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

Saddleback's  
*Illustrated Classics*

# The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

MARK  
TWAIN



# Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*



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## Mark Twain

If Huckleberry Finn is the embodiment of American boyhood, Tom Sawyer is the embodiment of any imagination or mischief that Huckleberry lacked.

Twain, himself, grew up in Missouri and early developed a lively spirit of adventure. He transmitted this spirit to his characters in a highly readable and sensitive style.

Twain has a gift for combining the humorous with the serious. His characters are real and believable; his settings are natural. He entertains while he instructs; a trait for which the ancients would praise him.

Other books by Twain include *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, and *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* (his first).

Mark Twain

THE ADVENTURES OF  
*Tom Sawyer*



Becky Thatcher



Huck Finn



Tom Sawyer

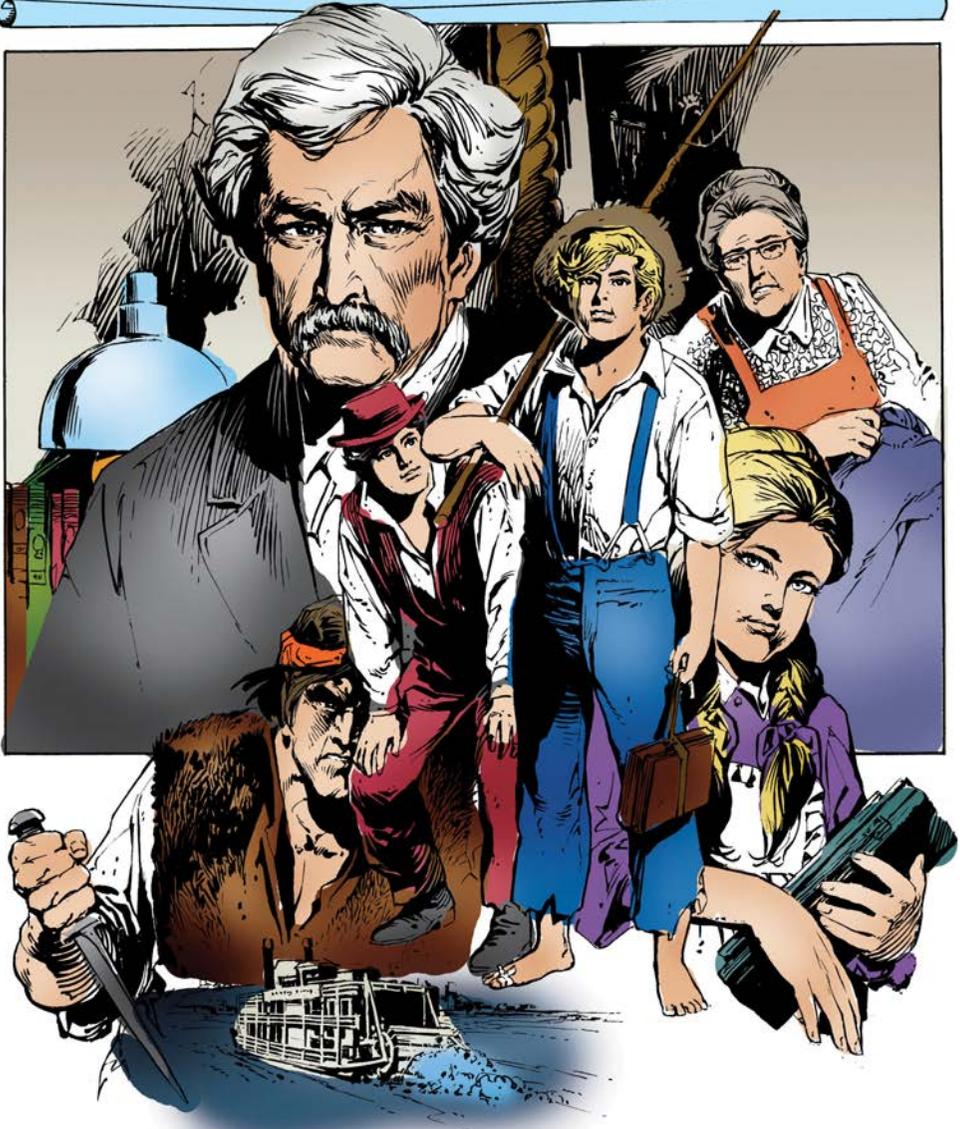


Aunt Polly



Injun Joe

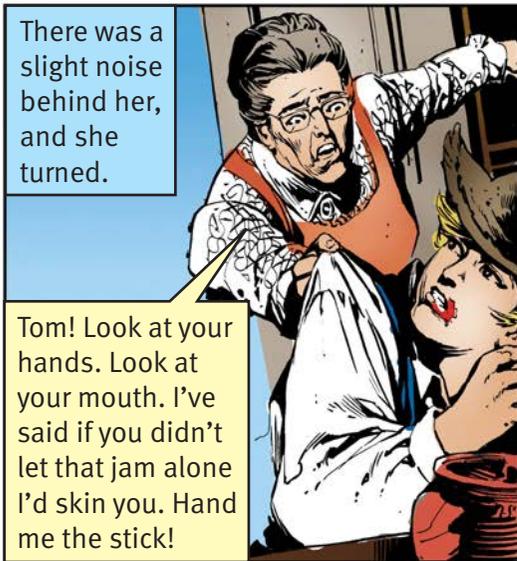
When Samuel Clemens (better known as Mark Twain) had become a famous writer, he remembered growing up in a small town on the Mississippi River. From the things that happened to him as a boy, he made up Tom Sawyer and other characters that will be remembered for a long time...Huck Finn, Aunt Polly, Becky Thatcher, Injun Joe, and others. Here are the adventures of Tom Sawyer...adventures that meant fun and joy, danger and fear, and even death to some.





Clemens began his story with Tom's Aunt Polly.

Tom! Tom! If I get hold of you, I'll...I never did see the best of that boy!



There was a slight noise behind her, and she turned.

Tom! Look at your hands. Look at your mouth. I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me the stick!

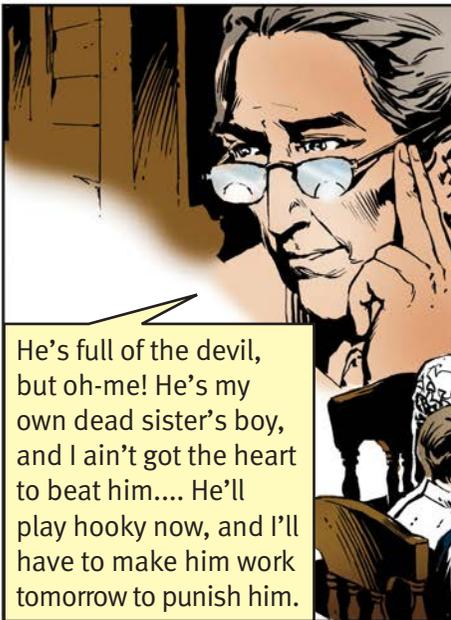


Look behind you, Aunt!



Aunt Polly turned around quickly, and, in an instant, the boy fled.

Hang the boy! He played enough tricks like that on me to be caught and punished this time!



He's full of the devil, but oh-me! He's my own dead sister's boy, and I ain't got the heart to beat him.... He'll play hooky now, and I'll have to make him work tomorrow to punish him.

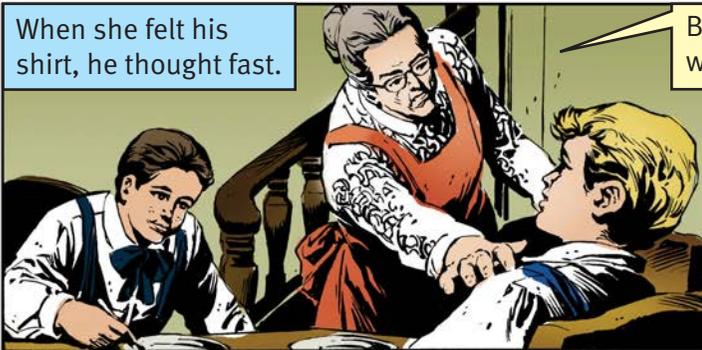
Tom did play hooky. And, at supper with Aunt Polly and his stepbrother, Sidney, the old lady tried to trap him.

Tom, it was terribly warm in school, wasn't it? Didn't you want to go in a-swimming?



When she felt his shirt, he thought fast.

But you ain't too warm now, though.



Uh...some of us wet our heads under the water pump...mine's still damp, see?



Tom, you didn't have to unbutton your shirt collar, where I sewed it, did you?

No'm. It's still sewed! I'll show you!

Well, now, I thought you sewed his collar in white thread, but now it's black.



Why, I did sew it with white! Tom, you went swimming, then sewed your collar up yourself!



Siddy, I'll get you for that!

The next day came Aunt Polly's punishment... painting the back fence.



Jeepers, it'll take me all day!

Tom cheered up quite a bit when Jim, Aunt Polly's slave boy, came by.

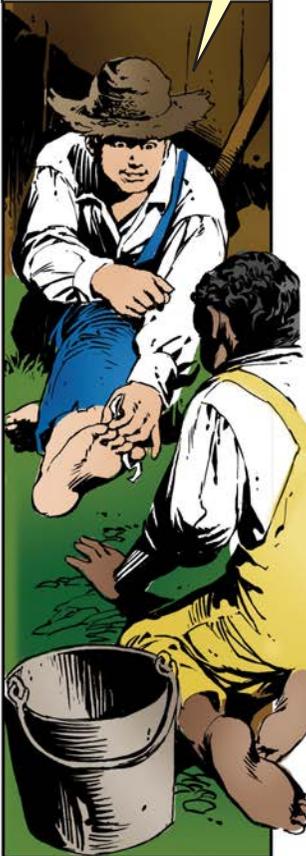
Say, Jim, I'll get the water if you'll paint some.

Can't, master Tom. Old missis told me to git water an' not fool around with anybody. An' she told me not to paint if you was to ask me.

I'll give you this marble, Jim...and I'll show you my sore toe!

In another moment, Jim was flying down the street with a sore rear end, and Tom was painting.

But when Ben Rogers came along, an idea came to Tom.



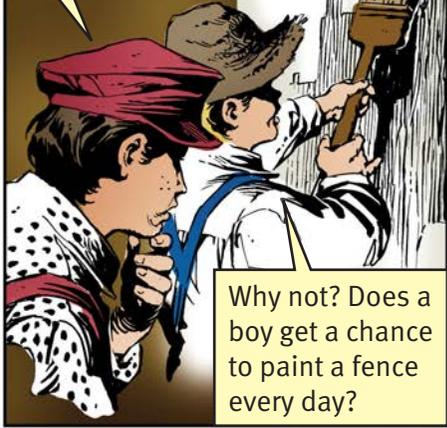
Ting-a-ling! Chow, chow! I'm a steamboat! Stop the stabboard! Stop the labboard! Stand by! Chow, chow!

Got to work, hey?  
I'm going swimming...  
but, of course, you'd  
rather work wouldn't  
you?



Oh, I don't  
call this  
work! It's  
fine with  
me!

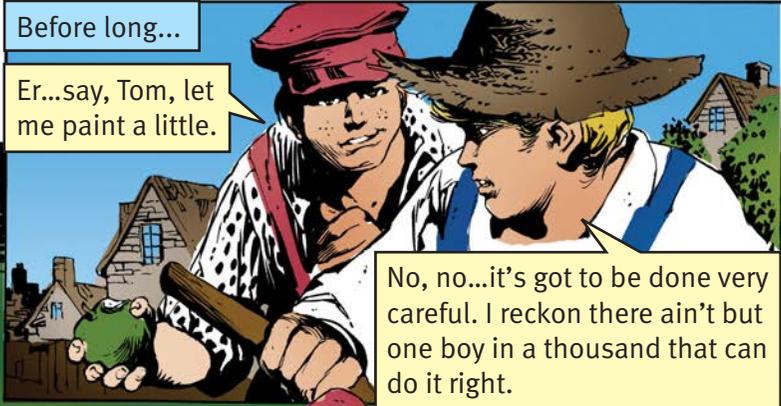
You mean  
you like it?



Why not? Does a  
boy get a chance  
to paint a fence  
every day?

Before long...

Er...say, Tom, let  
me paint a little.

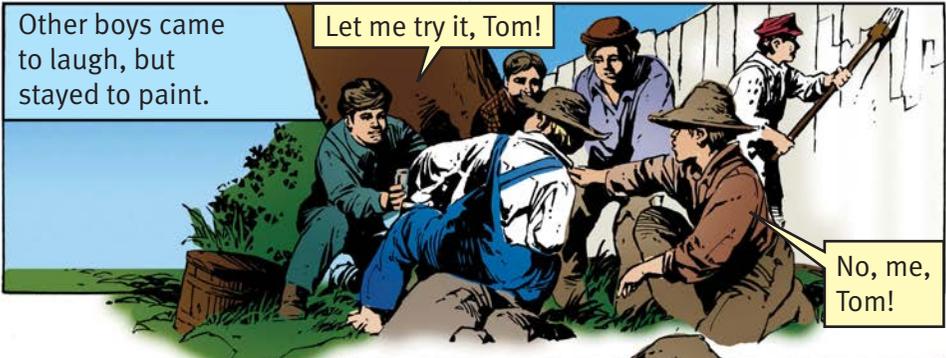


No, no...it's got to be done very  
careful. I reckon there ain't but  
one boy in a thousand that can  
do it right.

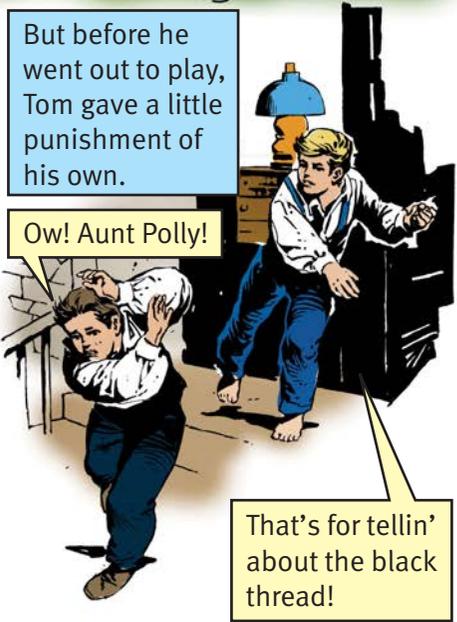
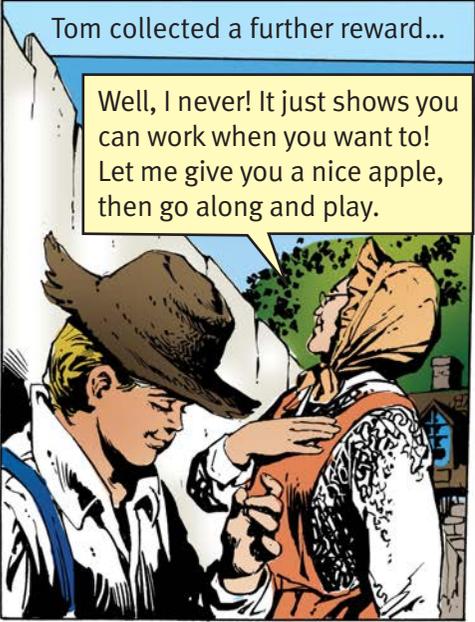


Let me try, won't  
you? Say...I'll give  
you my apple!

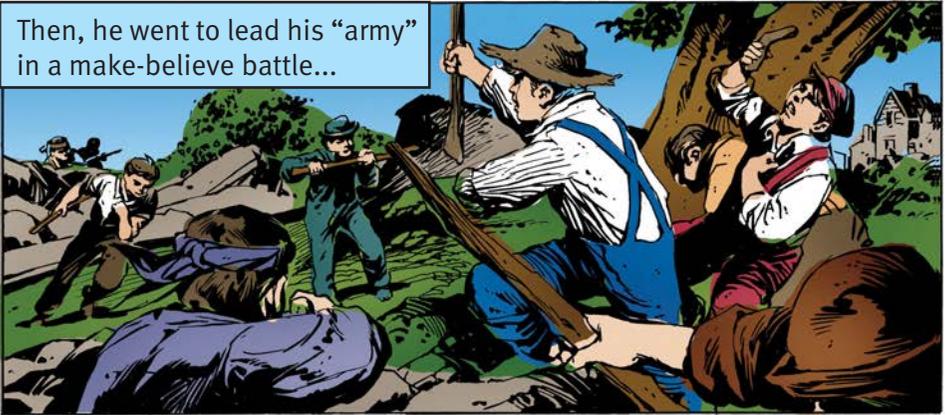
Well... I shouldn't,  
but...all right.



By afternoon, Tom had a pile of gifts, and the fence had three coats of paint. He had discovered a great law. Work is made up of whatever a person has to do; play is made up of whatever a person wants to do.



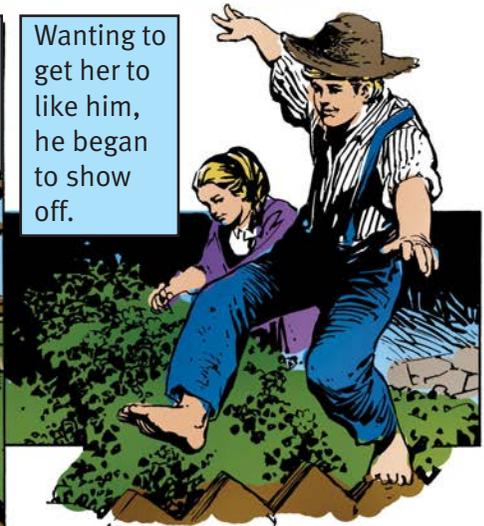
Then, he went to lead his "army" in a make-believe battle...



His soul at peace, he went on, until, passing Jeff Thatcher's house, he saw a new girl in the garden.



Wanting to get her to like him, he began to show off.



He threw her a flower before she went into the house.

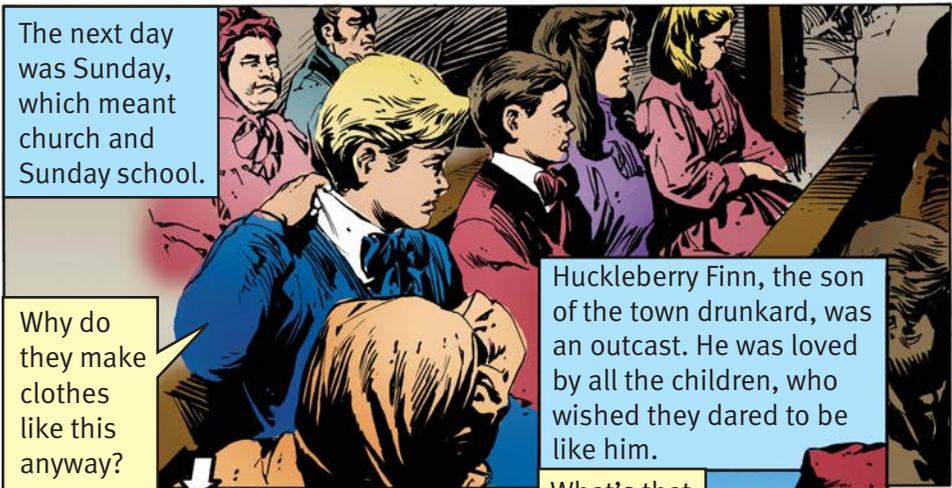




And when he got home, his head full of dreams...

Sigh!

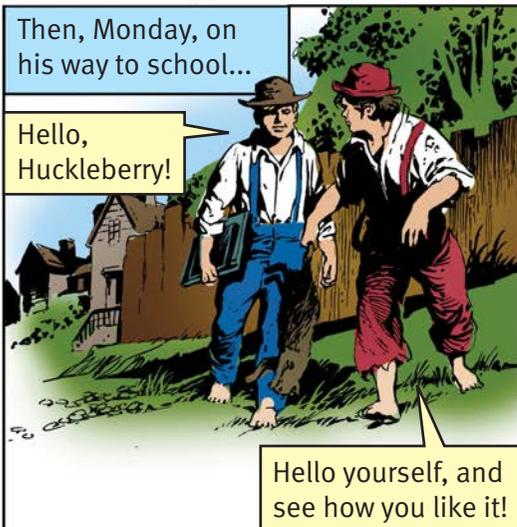
Tom, here's your cousin Mary, back from her trip to the country... Why, what's gotten into you, Tom?



The next day was Sunday, which meant church and Sunday school.

Why do they make clothes like this anyway?

Huckleberry Finn, the son of the town drunkard, was an outcast. He was loved by all the children, who wished they dared to be like him.



Then, Monday, on his way to school...

Hello, Huckleberry!

Hello yourself, and see how you like it!



What's that you've got?

Dead cat. Good to cure warts with.



You take it to the graveyard about midnight when somebody that was wicked was buried. Devils will come to take the body away. You throw the cat after him and say, "Devil follow dead man, cat follow devil, warts follow cat, I'm done with you." That'll get rid of any wart.

Say, Hucky, when are you going to try the cat?

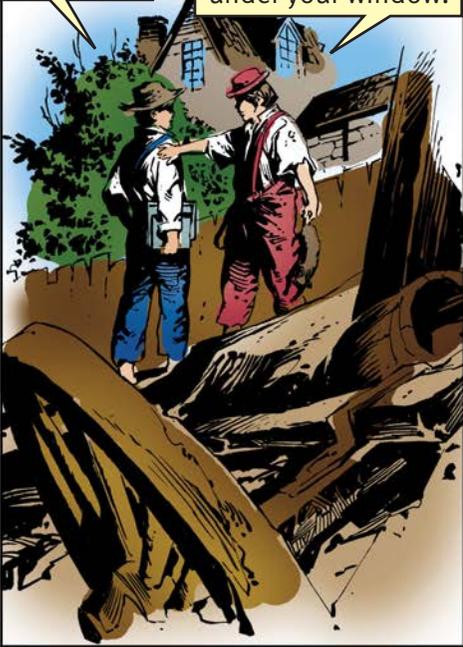
Tonight. I reckon the devil will come after old Hoss Williams.



Reaching the little frame schoolhouse, Tom walked briskly.

Lemme go with you!

Sure...if you ain't afeared. I'll meow under your window.

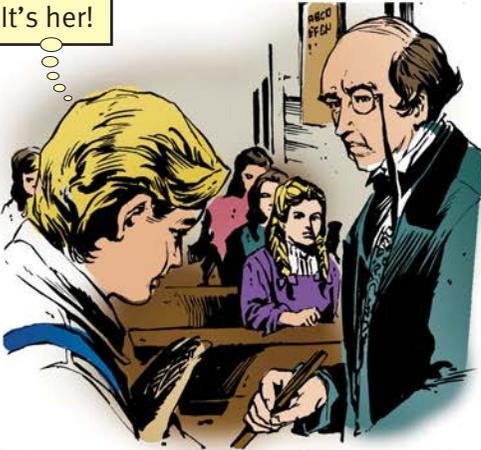


Thomas Sawyer! Come up here. Why are you late again, as usual?



Tom was ready to lie, when he saw his Loved One...and next to her the only empty place on the girls' side.

It's her!



I stopped to talk to Huckleberry Finn!

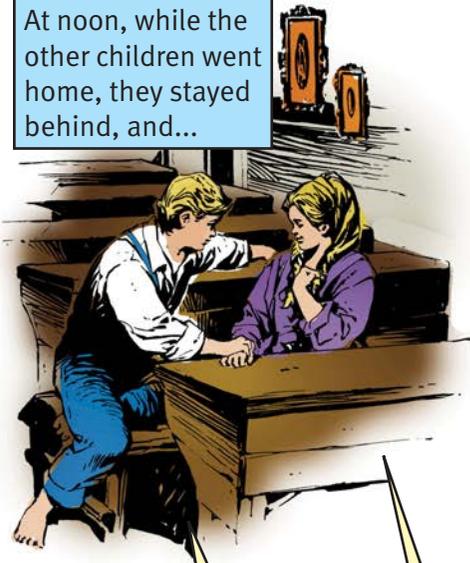


This is the most surprising confession I ever heard! After I hit you, go and sit with the girls!

Sitting next to her, Tom soon learned that her name was Becky Thatcher. She soon learned something, too.



At noon, while the other children went home, they stayed behind, and...



Say, Becky, let's get engaged to be married!

It sounds nice...but I never heard of it before.



Oh, it's ever so gay! Why me and Amy Lawrence...

Oh, Tom! Then I ain't the first you've ever been engaged to!



But I don't care for her anymore!

You do! Go away! And never talk to me again!

Tom was very sad, nevertheless, he didn't forget his meeting with Huck Finn that night.



Meow! Meow!

That's Huck! Time to go!



Meow!

Meow!